IRONDALE NEWSLETTER

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December '24 / January '25

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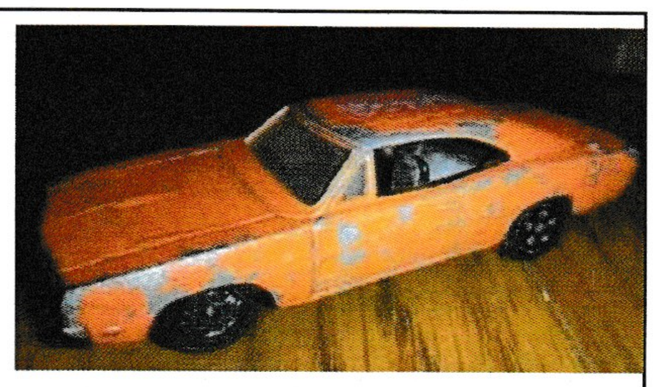
This kid had given with his heart when he had so little



"My friend handed me a very old metal match box car today. Then he said, "I found this yesterday and it reminded me of a major life lesson." I held it in my hand and looked at it while he talked.

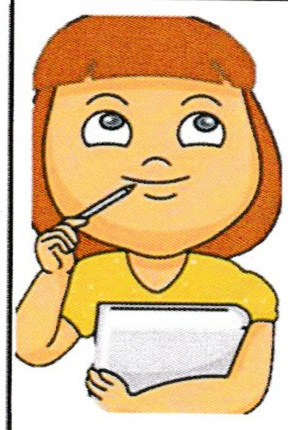
He said, "When I was in elementary school, we did a Secret Santa in my classroom at school. All the kids drew a name and then we exchanged presents the last day before Christmas break". He said, "My parents went out and bought me a nice new toy to give to the child I had drawn. My mom wrapped it up and the kid loved the present that received it." He then said, "I went and found my present from a boy in my class that I didn't really know. It looked like it had been wrapped with newspaper." He said, "I opened it and it was that little car you are holding in your hand." He said, "... but when he gave it to me it was dirty and looked well played with." He said "I was mad I had given such a nice gift and he had put so little effort into his. I felt cheated."

He said, "Later I learned the kid lived in a very run-down shack. His mom was sick, his daddy had left them years before. They barely had enough money to have heat and food. When I realized he had given me one of his only few toys, I felt ashamed for the way I treated him when I got the gift". He said "I only learned how poor he was after he quit coming to school. We were told his mom had died and he had been sent to foster care. I never saw him again. I kept this little car all these years because I know it was the best present I have ever gotten."

I thought about this story and looked at that little car sitting in my hand, and I cried. How many times in my life have I been given something from someone and not appreciated its TRUE value. This kid had given with his heart when he had so little, and it made me realize I need to always remember to never judge anything on the surface and always look deeper.

I loved this story and had to share with you.
I have held this story for so long, not sure where I found it. CS

Turn to pg 2 for details of this pic.



Susie's Musings

Yesterday is History; Tomorrow is a Mystery; but Today is a Gift. That's why it's called The Present.

My mom once told me once you are matured ,you will realize that silence is more powerful than proving your point.

Courage isn't having the strength to go on, It's going on when you don't think you have the strength.

A mother's dream is to see her kids supporting each other and being best friends after she is gone.

When everything feels like an uphill struggle, just think of the view from the top.

You are never too old to set another goal or to dream a new dream.

Never push a loyal person to the point where they no longer five a damn.

If you cannot do great things, do small things in a great way.

It's impossible to walk in the woods and be in a bad mood at the same time.

Patience is not the ability to wait, but the ability to keep a good attitude while waiting.

with heartfelt sympathy

Since the last issue was posted we learned we lost members of our community.

"Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts"

Zina Stephaniuk
Aug 12, 2024
Wife of Paul, Mother of Mary Longstaff
Paul is part of Nov flag display

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Judy Bunville
Sept 22, 2024
Husband of Ed, avid euchre players and potluck participants

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Kaldi Polding
Sept 27, 2024
Father of Mari Polding

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Barry Simmons
Sept 28, 2023
Brother of Thomas & George, Father of Dona Lee, Mike & James

"In the Footsteps of Heroes"

If you get the opportunity to hear Belinda Wilson's presentation of the same title— I highly recommend taking it in. A good crowd of individuals of all ages made the trip to Irondale on Sun Nov 3 to do just that.

She was one of 26 Canadian volunteers that were chosen to visit the many cemeteries, battle fields, etc. Her only obligation was to share her photos and what she learned with others willing to listen. Belinda has a gifted way of presenting that information.

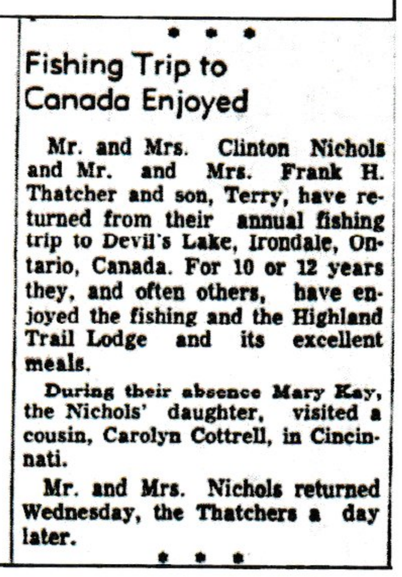
To break up the photos Belinda shared three songs, accompanied by her guitar, with us. The first song was a POW's poem that Belinda put to music, the second song was entirely Belinda's composite, and the third was 'Thank God for Poppies'. Each song helped the audience to reiterate the points and photos we had heard/ saw up to that point. Some people said Belinda's music moved them, made them feel the information.

Through Belinda we traveled to Northern France and Belgium, from Passchen-daele, The Somme, and Vimy to Dieppe and Juno Beach. Most of us will never have that opportunity, tho' one couple in attendance told us their flight had been booked for the following week!

Belinda has been booked to speak in October 2025 in Minden. We will post closer to the date. Follow us on Facebook (www.facebook.com/IrondaleOntario) to find out when and where.

Fishing Trip to Canada Enjoyed

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Nichols and Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Thatcher and son, Terry, have returned from their annual fishing trip to Devil's Lake, Irondale, Ontario, Canada. For 10 or 12 years they, and often others, have enjoyed the fishing and the Highland Trail Lodge and its excellent meals.....
Mr. and Mrs. Nichols returned Wednesday, the Thatchers a day later.
Found in Wilmington News-Journal, Wilmington Ohio—Aug 4, 1962



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During their absence Mary Kay, the Nichols' daughter, visited a cousin, Carolyn Cottrell, in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols returned Wednesday, the Thatchers a day later.

The Black Phone found recently in a Facebook post

Those of us old enough to remember when the phone was wired to the wall, usually in the kitchen, can relate to this story. I loved this read.

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box.. I was too little to reach the telephone but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear. "Information." "I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience. "Isn't your mother home?" came the question. "Nobody's home but me," I blubbered. "Are you bleeding?" the voice asked. "No, "I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer, and it hurts." "Can you open the icebox?" she asked. I said I could. "Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math.

She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts. Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?" She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, " Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better. Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please." "Information," said in the now familiar voice. "How do I spell fix?"

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much.

"Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. "Information." I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?" There was a long pause. Then came the soft-spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now." I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?" "I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children, and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years, and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister. "Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.
"Are you a friend?" she said. "Yes, a very old friend," I answered. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."
Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?" "Yes." I answered.

Continued next page

The Black Phone cont'd from page 3

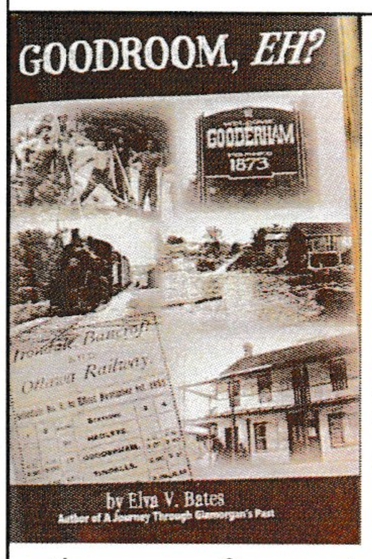
"Are you a friend?" she said. "Yes, a very old friend," I answered. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?" "Yes." I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you. The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean." I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today?

Newsletter Editor's Note:
The above article made me wonder when Irondale got the phone system. I saw articles on Burnt River's system etc. Can you provide me with some information? When did your home or cottage get a land line? If you remember - what was your impression? Was there excitement?



Goodroom, Eh?

This book is a work of fiction and lightly based on the history described in Elva Bates book *'A Journey Through Glamorgan's Past'.*

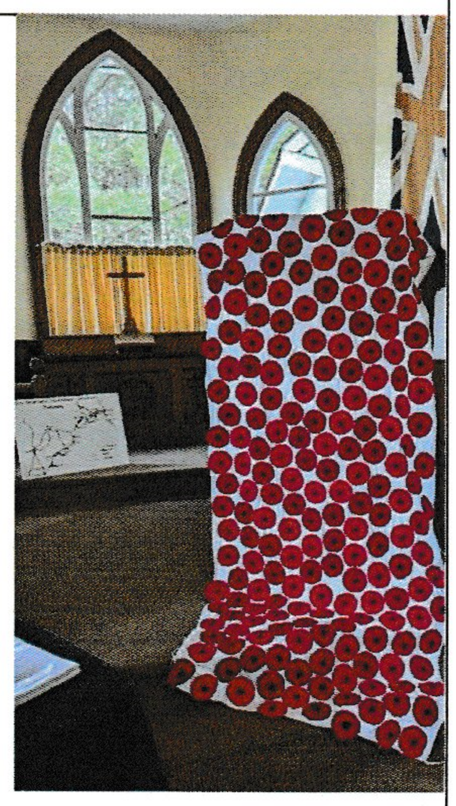
Most of the characters are fictitious but some are based on real people who pioneered in and around Gooderham. Elva said "Some of the events actually happened but have been altered to protect the perpetrators, while others are figments of my imagination."

Editor's Note: There are several copies available for purchase. $20 each. Email historical@IrondaleOntario.ca if you wish to purchase. Pick up can be arranged or postage would be extra.

"I thoroughly enjoyed the book", says Carol Simmons. "It doesn't read like a history book but a very entertaining novel. Elva's writing draws you in, your mind sees the characters and stories she tells."

Elva V. Bates was a lifelong resident of Haliburton County, and had lived in Gooderham since 1957. We lost Elva in July 2023.

Poppy Waterfall



This year we finally had a version of the poppy waterfall that I've been envisioning for a couple years

Many ladies (*won't mention names in case I forget someone*) helped to baste the material circles into poppy shape. Once a black centre was attached it was time to fix them to the background material.

It hung on the front of the church for a couple days, then we needed to rethink how to hang it. The piece is quite heavy. It was taken indoors and draped as you see it here in the picture.

Thank you to all the ladies that sewed and to those that donated funds for the material.

Nov 2025, the piece will have another length added to it.

A Special Thank You

to Bill Godfrey of Irondale. Bill took the flag standards home last November. Over the year he cleaned and prepared the metal, then painted each one. Bill even provided us with a way of storing the standards upright, rather than laying them down. This will prevent the clasps that hold the flags from getting knocked around and bent.

The photo is one of the standards with Bill's father on the flag.

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on Facebook

Put down the bag of worries that you are carrying forward with you into this new day.
And set down the sack of regrets that you've been dragging along behind you for as long as you can remember.
It is all so heavy. And carrying it so far for so long is crushing you.
The worries are a future that may not happen
and the regrets are a past that is gone. And you are not there.
You are here, in the present.
Don't be pulled so far backwards
or forwards that you forget to live here.
Don't be kept so paralysed by fear of the future
and pieces of the past that you avoid the now.
So even if it's only for a short while,
even if it's only for a moment.
Put it down. Put it all down.

*****

Becky Hemsley 2024

The Origin of America's Favorite Nursery Rhyme:

Davy Crockett's older sister, Effie Crockett was invited to help some mothers in the Muskogee Tribe. Once she arrived in camp, Effie laughed at what she saw. The Muskogee Tribe had a custom of cradling their papooses among the swaying branches of birch trees. This protected their babies from ground insects, the sun, and wild animals.

After first finding it funny, she soon learned the great reasons for this practice and marveled at the beauty of it. Effie watched the swaying and soothing motion of the topmost branches of the trees. She loved how each baby enjoyed nature, how they listened to the songbirds, observed every ladybug, and smiled at the colors of a butterfly, every little breeze was felt and enjoyed by these young ones; each babe seemed perfectly content.

One of the Tribal mothers began to sing a song to the children in her native tongue. As the Muskogee mother sang, Miss Effie observed a small tear running down the mother's cheek.
Lulu se pepe i le pito i luga o le laau,
A agi le matagi e luluina le moega pepe,
A gau le lala e pa'u ai le moega pepe,
Ma o le a sau i lalo pepe, moega pepe ma mea uma.

Effie translated the words and kept the tune. She shared it with everyone and it soon became a wildly popular nursery rhyme among the Colonies. The English translation:
Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Why did the Muskogee mother cry?

A "bough" is simply a tree branch, and its breaking was used by the Muskogee mothers as an analogy of their little baby growing up.
Their little baby would soon outgrow his cradle. With each gently rocking wind, time was passing. One day, little baby would no longer need the protection of his mother. One day, the "branch" would break because her little baby had become too heavy. The "cradle" would fall to the earth – the child, no longer a baby, would dust himself off and grow into a man.

The now famous lullaby was first printed in Mother Goose's Melody.

People were created to be loved.
Things were created to be used.
The reason why the world is in chaos is because things are being loved and people are being used.

November's Dinner

Traditionally this has been known as our Hunter's Dinner.
We have chosen to serve a dinner on the Saturday in the middle of the two weeks of deer season.

Friends from around the County and beyond gathered for a meal and conversation at the Irondale Community Centre.

This year the menu included individual Beef Wellington served with roasted squash, peas, mashed potatoes, along with the staples of bread and butter, gravy and beverages. Dessert was a twist on the apple crisp, served with ice cream.

Many thanks to the ladies who helped with set up, serving and clean up. Many hands make light work.

County Closeup with Elizabeth Oakley

If you get a chance, take a listen to Elizabeth's stories that have been uploaded to Frequency News.

Elizabeth interviewed several of us about the November 2-11 exhibit held at the historic Irondale Church.
www.frequencynews.ca/news/irondale-village-honors-the-fallen/

There will be at least one other podcast coming from Irondale.
https://www.frequencynews.ca/news/towering-giant-of-the-forest-3rd-tallest-white-pine-the-pride-of-irondale/

Check out the other items that Elizabeth has done.

Haliburton Legion's Ladies Auxiliary Annual Craft Sale

was held on Nov 16. Kurt, Linda, and Carol booked a table to raise some capital for Irondale. Handcrafted toys, Christmas décor and home baked goods rounded out the offerings.

Beer & Liquor

It had been suggested a few times that we should be collecting empty beer and liquor containers. Well we finally figured out where and how.

A couple of small freezers have been put at the tree line on the right hand side of the property, clearly marked EMPTIES.

Thanks to all our deposits, you have helped us earn little over $300 since mid August. The freezers will be monitored throughout the winter season, so feel free to keep dropping them off. THANK YOU

Two Brothers Perish In Kinmount Fire

FIREFIGHTERS UNABLE TO SAVE THE MEN OR HOUSE

Jan 7 1972

KINMOUNT (ENS) — Two brothers died last Friday night in a blaze that levelled their frame home just north of here.

Dead are Jack Silver, 42, and his brother Ronald, 31, who lived with their father, Harry Silver, in a small isolated house located one mile north of the town on Highway 121.

Mrs. Betty Vanlier who, with her husband, operates the Kinvale Inn called Ontario Provincial Police in Minden at about 8:30 p.m., after Mr. Silver (Harry) pounded at the door of her establishment. She said she had been closing for the evening and was reluctant to answer the door, but the man called to her to call police because "his house was flat".

She said the man appeared to be in shock and had been burned, but she did not believe his story at first. She did call police, however, and later learned of the tragedy.

Mrs. Vanlier said Silver told her he came home and found his house in flames. "I don't think he had fully realized what had happened," she said. "He was mumbling and I wasn't sure at first what he was talking about. It's unbelievable that it really happened."

Ontario Provincial Police from Minden called the Kinmount Fire Department which was at the scene within minutes and the Minden Fire Department arrived by 9:00 p.m. but they were unable to save either the victims or the house, which was an old frame structure.

Temperatures were as low as 15 degrees below zero and the wind was high and bitter as the firemen fought the blaze.

The fire was apparently caused by a lantern which exploded when one of the men was lighting it, according to a Minden O.P.P. officer. The flames spread quickly trapping the two brothers.

There was no telephone in the house.

The Minden Detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police is investigating the fire.

(Peterborough Examiner)

Because of my 'obsession/hobby' of family history—I tend to save anything that has the same surnames and locality that my ancestors occupied. I've had the above newspaper article for some time. Just recently came across it again and decided to look into how these men might be related to me. Turns out they are ... in a few generations back.

Daniel Silver (1829-1906) married Lucinda Debois (1839-1898) This couple had nine children - Mary, Ira, Daniel, William, Harriet, Lucinda, Emma, Estella and Egbert.

William Silver (1866-1942) married Eliza Chalmers and had two children - Bertha May and Harvey Gordon.

Harvey Gordon Silver (b.1902) married May Edna Stata. This couple had Gertrude, Margery, (both died in infancy) John and Ronald. These are the boys mentioned in the article above.

I am related to William Silver's youngest sister Estella. She married Frederick Scheffee.
A good friend of mine is related through Estella's sister Emma.

The world gets smaller and smaller all the time.

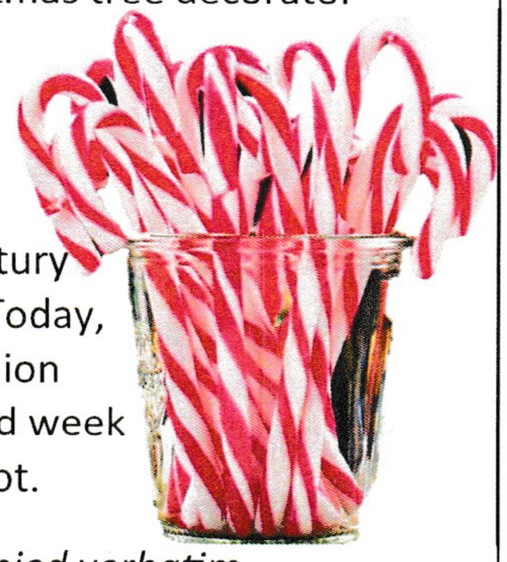
Which reminds me... took a short course the other day. The instructor was from out of town. Turns out she is dating Matthew Roots. Matthew is my husband's oldest brother's grandson!
What have you discovered lately? Want to share?

First Commercial Christmas Card

In 1843, Englishman Sir Henry Cole faced a dilemma. With the introduction of the Penny Post, the well-connected public servant and art patron found himself swarmed with season's greetings. In Victorian circles, it wasn't polite to leave such letters unanswered, so he commissioned artist John Callcott Horsley to design a card that he could sent to multiple acquaintances. After an initial print run of 1,000 and Sir Henry's requisite replies, he sold the remaining cards to the public for one shilling each. Only 12 of the cards are said to remain in existence, which makes them coveted among collectors. (In 2020, one of those cards sold at auction for more than $15,000!)

The Sweet Origins of the Candy Cane

There's plenty of folklore surrounding this striped stocking staple. Ond of the more popular (and highly contested) stories involves a German choirmaster who, in 1670, used stick candy in the shape of shepherd's hooks to quiet fidgety children during a Christmas Eve service. Stateside, its origins can be traced to Ohio in 1847. According to the National Confectioners Assoc., German-Swedish immigrant and Christmas tree decorator August Imgard loaded up his blue spruce tree with sugar sticks that he bent at the top for easy hanging. However, his candy canes were white It wasn't until the turn of the 20th century that the iconic red stripe was added. Today, U.S. candymakers produce nearly 2 billion candy canes each year, with the second week of December being the retail sweet spot.



Both Christmas articles above were copied verbatim from the Dec 2023-Jan 2024 issue of CountryLiving.com

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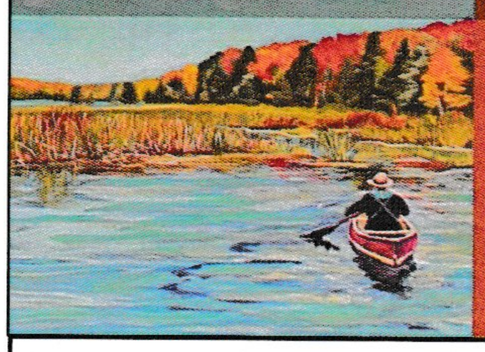

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Irondale Events are advertised in these local papers - available at most stores across the county.

THE ECHO HALIBURTON COUNTY | The Times MINDEN ONTARIO | County Life Celebrating arts and culture in the Haliburton Highlands

~ Irondale Calendar of Events ~

These are tentative dates - depends on state of pandemic and rental of community centres.
Please be sure to check the appropriate website and/or Facebook pages to get up to date information

2025	**Unless otherwise noted -** **Tickets available email irondalehistory@gmail.com or call/text 705-457-8438**
	2025 **Happy New Year**
	Being negative only makes a journey more difficult. You may be given a cactus, but you don't have to sit on it. ~ Joyce Meyer
Feb 8	**Lunch —** make your choice from the menu— two soups, several sandwich fillings and desserts available to choose from. Tea, coffee, pop, water available. Doors open 11am to 1pm $15 per person Served while supplies last. Takeout available.
Mar 15	**Breakfast —** Your choice from the offered menu— bacon, sausage, peameal with fried or poached eggs, toast, tea/coffee. Doors open 9:30am to 11am. Invite your friends and neighbours to join you. $15 per person Served while supplies last.
Apr 12	**Victorian Hat Workshop**— Melissa Stephens (costume designer for Highlands Summer Festival Theatre) guides us as we make our own fancy hat for the future tea parties we attend. Registration is limited. $10 per person. Supply list will be sent. Refreshments served. 2 to 4pm at the Irondale church.
Apr 26	**Victorian Tea —** Fancy sandwiches, homemade scones, delightful desserts. $25 per person You must preorder & pay for tickets. Held at the historic Irondale church property at 1019 Elm Rd. 11 am sitting.

Volunteerism:
The rent we pay to live in a good community

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